WAR REMINISCENCES.

A WAR EPISODE.

The Joyful Meeting of an Old Farmer and His Soldier Son.

In the fall of 1865 I was instructed by the house for which I was working to go to the B—— fair and assist a "green" agent to fit up and exhibit our machinery. I had served three years, and got my discharge the fall before, and in the spring secured an engagement with a well-known agricultural implement manufactory in an adjacent county.

I found I could reach B—— the day I received orders, by stopping at a station four miles distant and getting a conveyance across; whereas, if I went all the way by rail I could not reach there till next day. But when I arrived at this solitary station there was no conveyance to be had, and I started afoot, about two o'clock. The day was hot and the road dusty, and by the time I had made two miles I was ready to seek shade and rest, which I found in a little grove surrounding a schoolhouse.

While sitting on a log, fanning myself, and wishing for a horse and buggy, a farm wagon drawn by a team of horses loomed up on the hill I had just climbed and descended. An old farmer was driving, and beside him sat a little boy, four or five years old. On a rear seat was the farmer's wife and a young woman of perhaps twenty-five. The farmer drew up his horses when opposite to my perch and said:

"Goin' to town?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Get in an' ride."

I lost no time in thanking him and accepting. The farmer made room for me on the front seat. I introduced myself at once and made my business known.

"Did you say your name was Thaler?" said the farmer.

"Yes, John C. Thaler," I replied.

"Wasn't you orderly sargent in company D, of the 21st?"

"Yes, sir. My time was out last fall."

"Then you knowed my son, James Graves?" said the old man, in a tremulous tone.

I glanced at him. His face was serious. His wife, who sat behind him, looked at me with a kind of strained, piteous expectancy, while the young woman sat still, pale and with a resigned or hopeless look I shall never forget.

"O, yes," I said. "I knew him well. He was a brave and noble young man. Has he returned?"

"That's just it," said Mr. Graves. "He re-enlisted, I suppose you know, and last winter he was sent out on a foraging expedition, and never returned."

"Have you never heard from him since?"

"Not a a word. The regiment came home a month ago, and no word from him yet. The officers thought he might be captured by some guerrillas, and would be released at the close of the war. We've kept up in hopes that this would prove true, but we've about given up."

I was about to reply encouragingly, when a horse and buggy containing two men drove by in a cloud of dust. I just caught a glimpse of a pale young man in the buggy, and his face struck me as familiar, and he was in soldier's dress.

"Hold on!" I shouted, and I could see that the buggy stopped.

"Please wait a moment," I said. "I want to speak to one of those men."

I went back and found that the pale young man was really James Graves, on his way home from B——. I need not describe the meeting of father, mother, wife and son with one whom they had almost given up for dead. It was one of the joyous episodes of the war—one among a thousand sad ones.

Two days later I visited the Graves homestead, by invitation, and found a happy family indeed. James had been under Gen. Thomas, after Sherman left for the sea, and in a foraging expedition had been captured and held as prisoner until the war closed, a few months later. At that time he was lying sick with fever, and was not able to start home. He had written as soon as he was able to sit up, but the postal service was badly demoralized and the letter never reached its destination. James is still living on the old homestead, with his wife and a son and daughter. The little boy who sat in the seat with me that memorable day is a successful merchant in a western city, and a daughter is the wife of a prominent lawyer at the shire town of his native county.—J. C. Thaler in Ohio Farmer.

MURDEROUS WAR.

A Touching Picture of Death at the Hands of a Bushwhacker.

"Post No. 4" is under the branches of a wide-spreading tree on the left bank of a meandering creek. Beyond it to the south is a mile or more of neutral ground—forest, field and thicket. Behind it is thicket and field, and the tents of a brigade look like tombstones as the moonlight of the summer's night falls upon them. It is a cavalry picket stationed here, and as the relieves his comrade he is told that all has been quiet along the front.

Watch the horse as the relief passes out of hearing and everything grows quiet. He knows the direction from which danger is to be apprehended. His ears are pointed toward the other bank, and his eyes take in the movement of every bush and limb as stirred by the night breeze. A mile away there are thousands of men quietly sleeping. One might listen for an hour and hear no sound or see no sign that the specter of war was flitting about over these fields, which will be torn by shot and shell a few days hence.

The trooper peers into the gloom and listens and speculates on every sound. Battle lines will not move forward in the darkness, and a reconnoitering party would betray itself in time for him to give the alarm. Danger will come to him, if it comes at all, from the murderers and assassins of war—the guerillas and bushwhackers, who kill for plunder or revenge.

Hist! What was that? The horse throws up his head and works his ears, but the trooper leans forward to pat him in a soothing way. Some animal stirring in a tree top not far away had dislodged a dead limb or piece of bark. Now there comes a sound from the thicket on the left, and the horse turns his head and points his ears. Even a field mouse scampering over the dead leaves can be heard yards away on a quiet night.

Ah! Peer—listen—feel the horse tremble with excitement as a dry branch cracks in the thicket across the creek. Did human footsteps cause that sound? The horse stands with ears pointed, head lowered and one forefoot almost off the ground. He is an old veteran. If it were otherwise he would toss his head and paw the earth and betray his location to any one prowling near. A hundred nights of picket duty have taught him caution.

"Come, old boy, there's nothing to fear," whispers the trooper as he pats his neck. "We musn't get excited about a 'coon or 'possum moving about. You and I have been in some tight places together, but we are all right here. Let's settle down to kill time until we are relieved."

A quarter of an hour goes by. The horse has not ceased to watch and listen. No cavalryman's horse on our post forgets the situation. Some will neither eat nor drink—none ever sleep. The trooper's eyes stare into the thickets, but in a vacant way. He listens, but he no longer separates the different sounds. A tree toad is uttering its peculiar plaint—crickets sing in the dry grass—afar off a whippoorwill is making night melodious. He does not sleep, but he thinks of home and wife and little ones.

Listen! There was a peculiar sound from the stony bed of the creek—the crunch of gravel under a footstep. The horse hears it and points his ears, and his eyes grow larger. The trooper hears it, but it does not break his waking dream. The end of war has come; a nation is rejoicing; the bronzed faced veterans are marching from battlefields to fields of waving grain.

The horse is trembling with fear and his breath comes faster. He hears the sound again and again. Something is creeping up the bed of the creek, whose high banks form an excellent shelter. Is the trooper asleep? Have those sounds no significance to the man who knows that on this front someone has been murdered almost nightly? The horse carefully turns his head to look back.

"So-ho! So-ho!" whispers the trooper as he caresses him, but he is still thinking of home and those who will welcome him.

The horse shrinks backward and utters a snort of alarm, and the trooper suddenly rouses himself. It is too late. As he straightens up in his stirrups there is a flash of fire in his face, followed by a report which will arouse a thousand men, and after a lurch or two and a clutch at the saddle he falls to the ground. The war is over for him. The horse wheels and bounds away a few yards, but when the guard turns out and comes hurrying up they find the animal standing almost over his dead master, with his frightened eyes watching the bank and his ears strained to every sound.

"Ambushed and murdered," whispered the men as they gathered around the corpse. "The bushwhacker must have crept up the bed of the creek to shoot him, and it's a wonder his horse didn't give the alarm in time."—N. Y. Sun.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

The Old Proverb Proved True in a Tight Place.

If honesty is the best policy in business, it is also the best policy when one has done wrong and is confronted with the question whether he shall confess everything frankly or make excuses. A transparent excuse is worse than none at all. This is illustrated by a campfire story which was told at a recent reunion of a Maine regiment.

One of the members of the regiment told a story of "Honest Capt. Wood." The incident occurred in very cold weather, and at an important crisis.

"At night time," said the narrator, "when we pickets arrived at the outposts, Capt. Wood said: 'It is too severe for the men to face this storm all night.' There was a small house close by, and the captain directed that we should build a fire in it and shelter ourselves as best we might.

"We did so, and weary with marching and lulled by the warmth, we all fell fast asleep. When the officer of the grand rounds came our way, he found a regular Sleepy Hollow.

"Of course we were reported, and in the morning we were summoned to headquarters. Naturally we were terribly frightened, for sleeping on picket is a serious offense.

"We were ushered into Gen. Wilson's tent. He sternly repeated the charge. Had we been guilty of sleeping on our posts? We had. It would have been useless to attempt any explanation; but Capt. Wood, who was present, anticipated any that we might have attempted.

"'General,' he said, 'the blame does not rest upon these men. I am responsible for it all. I gave them orders to take shelter in that house and build a fire there, and I am to blame. They would not have been asleep but for me.'

"'How long have you been in the service, sir?' asked the general, sternly.

"'A few months, general.'

"'I thought so. If you had been here longer, you would have come up here full of excuses, and ready to shift the blame upon any one at hand. You can go. Your honesty has saved you.'."

Evidently the men were forgiven as well as their officer, for the narrator of the story subsequently became a lieutenant.—Lewiston Journal.

—Might See Too Much.—Mrs. Dowager (from the front seat of the buckboard)—Now, young people, you must behave yourselves. I'm afraid it is a large undertaking to chaperon this party. Tom De Witt (from the rear)—Oh, that will be all right, Mrs. Dowager. Only remember that you have put your hand to the plow and mustn't look back.—N. Y. Truth.

—Some men will make more sacrifices for prejudice than they will for principle.—Ram's Horn.

FARM AND GARDEN.

PLENTY OF LIGHT.

An Excellent House for a Flock of One Dozen Hens.

One of the most essential things to a poultry house is the window. Plenty of light makes a house comfortable, and, as fowls detest darkness, too much light cannot be given.

The illustration represents a building 12 feet long, 8 feet wide, 8 feet high in front and 6 feet high at the rear, the roof covered with tarred felt or any other waterproof material. Two large windows, each 40x70 inches, give light, they being placed near together at the southwest corner of the roosting apartment. Two doors are shown, one entering the roosting apartment on the left and the other the feed

FIG. 1.—POULTRY HOUSE WITH END WINDOWS.

room, the feed room being lighted by a window or transom over the door. The two rooms are separated by a lath partition. The roosts are arranged over a platform at the rear of the roosting-room, with the nests under the platform. The cost of the house, including labor, should not exceed $35. The ventilators, one at each end, are seen at H H. They are circular holes 12 inches in diameter cut in each end of the house near the top, but far enough from the front to clear the corner posts, and, as the matter of ventilation is important, the plan given may be worthy of notice.

Fig. 2 gives a plan of a ventilator, as mentioned, they opening and closing by the slide N, which runs in grooved pieces nailed above and below the hole. To keep out rain and snow a

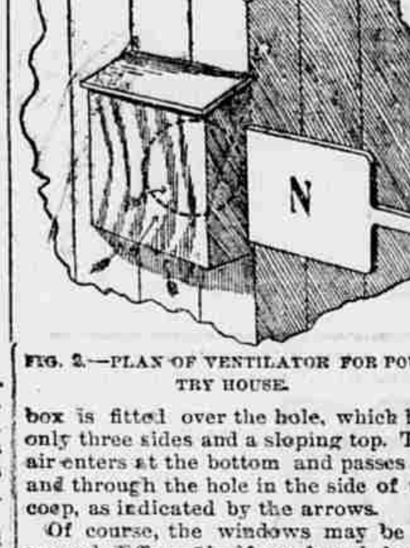

FIG. 2.—PLAN OF VENTILATOR FOR POULTRY HOUSE.

box is fitted over the hole, which has only three sides and a sloping top. The air enters at the bottom and passes up and through the hole in the side of the coop, as indicated by the arrows.

Of course, the windows may be arranged differently if preferred, but if arranged as shown the fowls will have a light scratching place, while the roosts, being at the rear, will be out of the way of drafts of air from any source. The windows cannot be opened, but the door should remain open during the day. The window over the feed room should be arranged so as to be raised from the outside.

As a cheap, light and convenient poultry house for a flock of one dozen hens the plan is an excellent one.—Farm and Fireside.

ABOUT FRUIT GROWING.

Success Requires Continued Diligence, Intelligence and Skill.

In riding through any part of the country where fruit can be successfully grown, the contrast between fine crops and partial or entire failure may be frequently observed. One shows the effect of skill, the other the result of neglect. On one hand, orchards are loaded with fine crops of excellent fruit; on the other partly dead trees have nothing but small and scrubby apples. In small-fruit plantations weeds have had the ascendance; strawberry patches are noted for their sickly and winter-killed appearance. The owners admit general disappointment and failure. But there are other owners who give a very different report. Their small fruits and strawberries have escaped winter killing by carefully applied winter protection. Their rule has been to kill weeds "at whatever cost," by never allowing them to grow. They have found the labor very small to destroy them with a steel rake or fine harrow passing every week before they come up, compared with the hard work to root out the rank mass when a foot high. In a neighborhood where both kinds of management prevailed, lived the owner of a hundred-acre farm, a portion of which was devoted to fruit-raising generally. His trees had generous cultivation; a large part of the manure made on the place was carefully applied broadcast to the fruit trees and to the small fruits. The result of this, long continued, was that the annual sales from all the different kinds amounted literally to thousands of dollars annually. But this success required continued diligence, intelligence and skill.—Country Gentleman.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

Milk when first drawn contains animal odors, and these should be permitted to escape before the milk is shut up in close cans.

Dirt in the milk means bacteria in the milk, and that means injury to butter and to health. Keep the udder and the hands of the milker clean.

If the non-paying cows are not eliminated from the dairy we may expect complaints against the profitableness of this excellent industry.

There is a story going through the papers that the cow got sick because she drank bad-smelling water from the barn cistern. The cow will become sick if compelled to drink bad water. Why should she not?—Farmers' Voice.

PECULIARITIES OF PARA.

Beds Are Unknown and the People Sleep in Hammocks.

Beds, as we understand them, are unknown, but hammocks are hung everywhere, in parlors and halls and dining-rooms, and along the whole length of the veranda, to catch every breeze that is blowing, so that any number of unexpected guests can be "slung up" in a single house without inconvenience. Except in the most expensive residences the front rooms only are ceiled, and latticed windows are much more common than glass. Another thing that strikes the stranger is the peculiar appearance of the people as compared with those he has seen in other parts of the country. The regularly descended Portuguese and Africans of course do not differ greatly from their brethren and sisters in other parts; but they are few here, while the Indian race predominates. In Para, as in no other city, the aboriginals of Brazil may be seen both in pure blood and in every possible degree of mixture with whites and blacks in every strata of society. They occupy the highest government positions, own the grandest mansions and finest estates, and figure as capitalists and servants, priests and politicians, soldiers, sailors, professional men, street peddlers, belles and beaux. The most beautiful woman in the city, wife of a nabob, who rides in an emblazoned carriage, is said to be of 'alf and 'alf negro and Indian blood. Formerly ladies used to pay their visits and go to church in a hammock, the two ends being carried by men servants, who swung the precious burden between them; but now coaches and carriages are common.—Fannie B. Ward's Brazilian Letter.

Caterpillar in Crinoline.

At Rio I met with a very common inhabitant of the tropics, a huge caterpillar who built himself a sort of crinoline of sticks, and then covered it with a thick web. This dwelling he carried about with him as a snail carries her shell, spinning an outwork of web round the twig of a pet tree, by which his house hung, leaving him free to put out three joints of his head and neck and eat up all the leaves and flowers within reach. When the branches are bare he spins a bit more web on a higher twig, bites through the old one, jerks his whole establishment up stairs and begins eating again. He had a kind of elastic portico to his house, which closed over his head at the slightest noise, the house shutting up like a telescope, and then when all was quiet again, out came his head, down dropped the building, and the gourmand again set himself to his task of continual feasting. At last came the sleep of the chrysalis, and he finally became a poor, dowdy moth.—Recollections of Miss North.

—Tom had been cautioned against trying to stand on his head, because his mamma said it would give him a rush of blood to the head. "Don't thee why," he answered. "I'm thtandin on my feets all day, an' my blug doethn't rush into 'em."—Harper's Bazar.

A Star.—Doctor—"No man has to die more than once." Maud—"Aren't you sorry?"—Life's Calendar.

The sculptor isn't the kind of a man that cuts no figure in the world.—Binghamton Leader.

People who never worry do a good deal of missionary work that they don't get credit for.—Ram's Horn.

The most graceful girl cannot try on a shoe without putting her foot in it.—Binghamton Leader.

"The more a man gets the more he wants," except when he's receiving a sentence in a court of justice.

THE MARKETS.

	New York, Nov. 2.		
FLOUR	$2 00	@	$4 80
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	74½	@	76¼
No. 1 Northern	81¼	@	81½
CORN—No. 2	50¼	@	51½
OATS—Mixed Western	35	@	36½
PORK—Mess	12 25	@	13 75
LARD—Prime Western	9 10	@	9 15
BUTTER—Western	15	@	29¼
CHEESE—Western	3	@	7
EGGS—Western	23	@	23¼
CATTLE	3 25	@	5 27½
SHEEP	2 30	@	5 25
HOGS	5 60	@	6 15
CLEVELAND.			
FLOUR—Country XX White	4 00	@	4 50
Minnesota patents	4 60	@	4 85
Amber	3 60	@	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2	72	@	74
CORN—No. 2	52	@	54
OATS—No. 2	34	@	37
BUTTER—Choice	19	@	30
CHEESE—York State	11	@	12
Ohio	8½	@	11
EGGS	21	@	22
POTATOES—In bulk, per bush.	60	@	75
SEEDS—Timothy	1 80	@	1 90
Clover	6 65	@	6 75
HAY—Baled	9 00	@	12 50
Bulk on market	12 00	@	15 00
CATTLE	3 40	@	4 50
HOGS	5 55	@	5 85
CINCINNATI.			
FLOUR	2 45	@	2 75
WHEAT	65½	@	66
CORN	43	@	43¼
OATS	32	@	32½
RYE—No. 2	55½	@	56
HOGS—Common to light	4 70	@	5 70
Packing and butchers	5 00	@	5 40
TOLEDO.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	71	@	71¼
CORN—No. 2	40½	@	41
OATS	30½	@	31
BUFFALO.			
BEEVES—Best	4 75	@	4 90
Choice	3 53	@	3 70
SHEEP—Best	4 30	@	4 40
Fair to good	3 85	@	4 25
HOGS—Heavy grades	5 80	@	5 85
Packers and mediums	5 75	@	6 95
PITTSBURGH.			
BEEVES—Best	4 65	@	5 00
Fair to good	3 50	@	4 50
SHEEP—Best	4 50	@	4 70
Fair to good	3 50	@	4 25
HOGS—Philadelphias	5 90	@	6 00
Yorkers	5 00	@	5 80
PHILADELPHIA.			
WOOL—Western	24	@	33
Unwashed	24½	@	27

The November Wide Awake

Opens with a profusely-illustrated article on "Some British Castles," written by Oscar Fay Adams, and appropriately frontispieced by a splendid full-page picture, by Garrett, of "Marmion's Defiance to Earl Douglas." Alexander Black has a capital descriptive paper on "The Babies of the Zoo" at Central Park, charmingly illustrated by Irene Williamson, a pupil of Beard. Edith Robinson has a fine story, "Raglan's Substitute," of the pluck and bravery of a Harvard boy at a city fire; Mary Selden McCobb has a good Thanksgiving story, "Why She was Thankful," and "Mabel's Election Day" is an appropriate November story by Ellen Strong Bartlett. Florence Howe Hall tells of the "Moriarty-Duckling Fair." "How Dorothy Paid her Way," by Caroline E. Hersey, is a bright story of a bright girl. The serials by Kirk Munroe, "the Coral Ship," and "That Mary Ann," by Kate Upson Clark," which all the boy and girl readers have voted as "fine," end with this number, for a new volume of the ever-popular Wide Awake will begin with the December number. Price 20 cents a number, $2.40 a year. On sale at news stands or sent postpaid on receipt of price, by D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.

One of the most foolish men is the one who worries about things he can't help.—Ram's Horn.

"Do you know a gas-meter is to me almost human?" "To me, too. It has that dreadfully human tendency toward untruth."

Mr. Oldboy—"I remember the first fish ever caught." Miss Pert—"What was it—an ichthyosaurus?"—Life.

Experienced people don't tumble when they try to get in a hammock, because they know the ropes.

THE CHOLERA.

It has now been demonstrated that the ileum or lower small intestine is the main seat of the pathological changes caused by cholera. What is true of the cholera bacillus is true of the most contagious diseases. Many of these parasites can be taken into the stomach without doing any injury. It is only when they find in the lower intestines material upon which they can feed and in which they can breed that they do the damage which ultimately extends all over the system. The remedy is plain. It is to remove from the system all waste material thus preventing not only cholera but fevers and contagious maladies of every sort. The Laxative Gum Drops are the best thing for all maladies that spring from indigestion because they excite the secretions and thus expel the morbid matter that forms the nest for th[illegible] microbes that attack the system. Th[illegible] contain nothing deleterious but are [illegible] safe and pleasant and certain in their re[illegible] sults. They are put up in two sizes, the [illegible] small size sells for ten cents, the large [illegible] size for twenty-five cents. Get them of an[illegible]y dealer. SYLVAN REMEDY CO., P[illegible]eoria, Ill.

A. N. K.—C. 1420.